

372
A
COLLECTION
OF
PLAYS
BY

EMINENT HANDS;

In Four VOLUMES

Vol. I. Containing

TRAGEDIES.

Julius Cæsar.
Richard the Third.
Jane Gray
Scipio Africanus.

Esther, or the Fair
Triumphant.
Cato.

LONDON:

Printed for *W. MEARS* at the *Lamb*
without *Temple-Barr.* MDCCXIX.

COPIES OF THE

YALE

LIBRARY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF YALE

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

1871

1871

1871

1871

X

11

11



X

11

111



E. Kirkall

T
J
Br
Wr
And
D
la
b
a
The
Lon
I
V
C
J

329
1

THE
TRAGEDY
OF

JULIUS CÆSAR:

With the DEATH of
BRUTUS and CASSIUS ;

Written Originally by SHAKESPEAR,
And since alter'd by Sir WILLIAM
DAVENANT and JOHN DRYDEN
late Poets Laureat. As it is now Acted
by His Majesty's Company of Comedi-
ans at the Theatre Royal.

To which is prefix'd,
The Life of JULIUS CÆSAR, abstracted
from *Plutarch* and *Suetonius*.

London, Printed for G. STRAHAN at the *Golden
Ball* in *Cornhill* ; W. MEARS, at the *Lamb*
without *Temple-Bar* ; W. CHETWOOD, at
Cato's Head in *Covent - Garden* ; and R.
FRANCKLIN at the *Sun* overagainst *St. Dun-
stan's Church* in *Fleet-street*. M.DCC.XIX.
Price One Shilling.

THE TRAGEDY

OF JULIUS CAESAR:

With the DEATH of

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS:

Written Originally by

MVSVM
NATIA
MVSVM

And since altered by

DAVENANT and JOHN DRYDEN

late Poets Laureats. As it is now Acted

by His Majesty's Company of Comedians

and at the Theatre Royal

To which is added

The Life of JULIUS CAESAR, abridged

from Livy and Suetonius.

LONDON Printed for C. STURMANT at the Golden

Ball in Cornhill: W. M. at the Swan

without Temple-Bar: W. L. at the

Cat's Head in Cornhill: and R.

FRANKLIN at the Sun over against St. Dunstons

Church in Fleet-Street. M.DCC.XIX.

Price One Shilling



T O

ROBERT WILKS, Esq;..

SIR,

I Can't find any one more Proper
or Worthy than Your self to
screen the following Lines.
Neither am I in any Apprehen-
sion of disturbing the Ghost
of SHAKESPEAR with the PATRON I
chuse, when his Memory, by You is pre-
serv'd among us--- I never see HAMLET,
but methinks I behold the Author's awful
SHADE, a Spectator, and smiling to see
(after such a Number of Tears) His Ori-
ginal out-done----

None can think I Flatter, being I am
very well assur'd, I don't say any thing

A 3

more;

DEDICATION.

more, than what the whole World thinks. I don't know how I shall stand excus'd, when I freely confess, Ambition was a main Motive in choosing You for my PATRON: For when I am Dust, in After Ages, 'twill be a MONUMENT to me beyond Brass or Marble, to have my Name read with the never-dying WILKS and SHAKESPEAR. But I hope Your good Nature will pardon the Freedom I have taken; I am but like a Person that has a bad Commodity on his Hands, and to get rid of it, puts it to two Jewels of an inestimable Value; so gets his Price for his Drug, in being assur'd his fond Customers wont forgoe so scarce a Bargain. But I'll trouble you no longer; I shall only beg leave to subscribe my self

Your most Faithful

Obedient Humble Servant,

W. CHETWOOD.



THE
LIFE
OF

C. J. Caesar.



Intending to give some Account
of the Life of *Julius Caesar*, I
think it very proper to begin
with a Description of his Person.
His Stature was Tall, his Com-
plexion Clear, his Body more inclining to
Lean than Fat. His Eyes Black and Spright-
ly; his Hair naturally thin, but thicken'd
by Art: He was frequently troubled with
the Head-ach, and sometimes with the Fall-
ing-sickness. He was Indefatigable in Bu-
siness; and in all his Disputes discover'd a
more than ordinary Eloquence. As for his
Capacity in Writing, his Commentaries of
his

his own Expedition will be a living Monument to his Memory. He us'd himself so much to Business, that he would dictate to several *Amanuenses* at the same time. He was so Bountiful, Friendly and Loving to his Soldiers, that they would enter upon the most imminent Danger to do him Service. His first Marriage was with COSTUTIA, a Lady of the EQUESTRIAN Family, and a great Fortune, from which he was Divorc'd, and marry'd CORNELIA the Daughter of CINNA, who had been Four times *Consul*. By this Lady he had his Favourite Daughter JULIA. After the Death of CORNELIA, he marry'd POMPEIA, Q. POMPEIA's Daughter, and Grand-Daughter to L. SYLLA, whom he was Divorc'd from, upon Suspicion that she had been Debauch'd by P. CLODIUS, who had often Access to her in Woman's Habit. After various Turns of Fortune, he married CALPHURNIA, the Daughter of L. PISO, Divorc'd his Daughter JULIA from SERVIILIUS her first Husband, and gave her to POMPEY, by whose Interests he chose GAUL for his Government. He was particularly Happy in all his Expeditions, and in every Undertaking Successful. He went to RHODES, and study'd *Rhetorick* under APOLLONIUS the famous *Rhetorician*.

cian, and attain'd to the second Place in that Excellence.

The signal Victories he gain'd were first, that of GAUL and BRITAIN; next, that of the Civil Wars; third, that of SPAIN, where he overcame VARRO and APHRANTUS, POMPEY's Generals; next (after several trivial Victories) was the famous Battle of PHARSALIA, where POMPEY Commanded against him. POMPEY's *Horse* were near six times as Numerous as CÆSAR's, and *Foot* almost thrice the Number: But CÆSAR being inform'd by his Spies, that the Enemy were coming down in *Battalia*, with a great deal of Joy drew out his Men, made an *Oration* to 'em, advising 'em to Aim all their Blows at the Faces of the *Enemy*, which wou'd soon discourage an Army of young Fellows whose greatest Fear was the spoiling of their Faces.

The Soldiers of CÆSAR being thus Encourag'd, began the Onset bravely, and soon put the Enemy's Army to flight: POMPEY fled to PTOLOMY, where by the Treachery of ACHILLAS and PHOTINUS he was Murder'd. After this signal Victory, he went to ALEXANDRIA, where when THEODOTUS brought him the Head of POMPEY, He wept, and turn'd his Head aside. 'Twas at ALEXANDRIA he began his *Intrigue*.

triegue with CLEOPATRA the famous Queen
 of ÆGYPT, by whom Report gave him a
 Son call'd CÆSARIO; he spent some time
 in this *Amour*, but being rous'd by the Vi-
 ctories of PHARNACES Son of MITHRI-
 DATES, he met him with 3 *Legions* and o-
 vercame him with such Expedition, that
 Writing to his Friends in ROME of his Suc-
 cess, he describ'd his Victory in three
 Words, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*; I Came, I Saw,
 and Conquer'd. From thence he flew to A-
 FRICA, and having routed SCIPPIO at
 THAPSUS, beat AFRANIUS and destroy'd
 his *Camp*, and the same Day Conquer'd JU-
 BA Prince of NUMIDIA, and by a prodigi-
 ous Intripidity gain'd three Victories in one
 Day. Returning to ROME he had four
 Triumphs in one Year; the first for GAUL;
 the second for ÆGYPT; the third for PON-
 TUS; and the last for AFRICA. The Peo-
 ple of ROME for his many Successes made
 him perpetual *Dictator*, and Founded in his
 Name the Temple of Clemency, stil'd him
Emperor and Father of his Country. Ob-
 serving that by the Ignorance of the Priests,
 the Calculation of the Year was so Irregular,
 that none of the *Festivals* were kept in Or-
 der, he brought it to a more regular Form,
 making it 365 Days, and a Leap-Year once
 in four: He gave his own Name to the
 Month.

Month *Quintilis*, which we call from JULIUS, JULY. There were many *Prodigies* that foretold the Death of this Great Man, but nothing touch'd CÆSAR: Yet CALPHURNIA by her repeated Prayers and Intreaties prevail'd upon him (on the fatal Day) to stay at Home, but being over-perswaded by BRUTUS and others (who Interpreted the Dreams of CALPHURNIA to the Advantage of CÆSAR) he went to the *Capitol*, where he was received by the *Patrij* with all the Respect Imaginable, after several trivial Matters being pass'd, METELLUS CIMBER sued for the Repealment of his banish'd Brother, but CÆSAR refusing, was Stab'd by CASKA; upon this CÆSAR drew his Sword, and kill'd two of the *Conspirators* and laid about him as if he wou'd dearly Sell his Life like a Man of Courage, till being Stab'd by BRUTUS in the Thigh (the Sight of which so amaz'd him) he cry'd ET TU BRUTE! then covering his Head with his *Robe*, he fell at the feet of POMPEY's Statue, and Expir'd in the 56th. Year of his Age.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

J ulius Cæsar.	Mr. Mills.
Octavius Cæsar	Mr. Walker.
Mark Antony.	Mr. Wilks.
Brutus.	Mr. Booth.
Cassius.	Mr. Elrington?
Caska.	Mr. Bickerstaff.
Flavius.	Mr. Boman.
Decius Brutus.	Mr. Shepard.
Metellus Cimber.	Mr. W. Wilks.
Messala.	Mr. W. Mills.
Cinna.	Mr. Wilson.
Pindarus.	Mr. Oates.
Soothsayer.	Mr. Williams.
Trebonius.	Mr. Boman <i>Jun.</i>
Servant to M. Antony.	Mr. Ray.
1st. Plebeian	Mr. Johnson.
2d.	Mr. Miller.
3d.	Mr. Norris.
4th.	Mr. Cross.
Lucius, Brutus's Page.	Mr. Norris <i>Jun.</i>

W O M E N.

Calphurnia	Mrs. Horton.
Portia	Mrs. Porter.

SCENE Rome, and the Philippi-Fields.



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
JULIUS CÆSAR:
With the DEATH of
Brutus and Cassius.

ACT I. SCENE I.

That part of ROME near the Tiber.

Enter Flavius and Caska, on one Side, and Carpenter, Cobler, and Mob shouting on the other.

Flav.



ENCE: Home you idle
Creatures, get you Home:
Is this a Holiday? What,
know you not
(Being Mechanical) you ought
not walk

Upon a labouring Day, without the sign
Of your Profession? Speak, What Trade art thou?

B

Cir.

2 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.*

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Cas. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparel on?
You Sir! What Trade are you?

Cobl. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman,
I am but as you would say, a Cobl.

Cas. But what Trade art thou? Answer me
directly!

Cobl. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use, with
a safe Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender
of bad Soles.

Flav. What Trade thou Knave? Thou naughty
Knave, What Trade?

Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with
me: Yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Cas. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me,
thou sawcy Fellow!

Cobl. Why Sir, Cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a Cobl, art thou?

Cobl. Truly Sir, all that I live by is with the
Awl: I meddle with no Tradesmans Matters, nor
Womens Matters; but *With-awl* I am indeed Sir,
a Surgeon to old Shoes; when they are in great
Danger, I recover them. As proper Men as ever
trod upon Neats-Leather, have gone upon my
Handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do'st thou lead these Men about the Streets?

Cobl. Truly Sir, to wear out their Shoes, to get
my self into more Work. But indeed Sir, we
make Holiday to see *Caesar*, and to rejoice in his
Triumph.

Cas. Wherefore Rejoice?
What Conquests brings he Home?
What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*?
To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheels?

You

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 3

You Blocks, you Stones, you worse then senseless

[Things ;

O you hard hearts! you cruel Men of *Rome*!

Knew you not *Pompey*? many a time and oft,

Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,

To Tow'rs and Windows? Yea, to Chimney tops,

Your Infants in your Arms, and there have fate

The live-long Day, with patient expectation,

To see great *Pompey* pass the Streets of *Rome* :

And when you saw his Chariot but appear,

Have you not made an Universal shout,

That *Tyber* trembled underneath her banks

To hear the replication of your sounds,

Made in her Concave Shores?

And do you now put on your best Attire?

And do you now cull out a Holiday?

And do you now strew Flowers in his way?

That comes in Triumph over *Pompey's* Blood?

Be gone!

Run to your Houses, fall upon your Knees,

Pray to the Gods to intermit the Plague

That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this

Assemble all the poor Men of your sort; [fault

Draw them to *Tyber* banks, and weep your Tears

Into the Channel, till the lowest Stream

Do kiss the most exalted Shores of all.

[Exeunt. *Mob.*

See where their basest mettle be not mov'd,

They vanish Tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol,

This way will I: Disrobe the Images,

If you do find them deck'd with Ceremonies.

Cas. May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of *Lupercal*.

4 *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar :*

Flav. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Cæsars* Trophies : I'll about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the Streets ;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing Feathers, pluck'd from *Cæsars* wing,
Will make him flie an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of Men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt, Severally.*]

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Calphurnia, Decius, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer : Merellus, Trebonius, Flavius, and Lictors.

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Cask. Peace ho, *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. *Calphurnia !*

Calph. Here, my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Anthony's* way,
When he doth run his Course. *Anthony*

Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed *Anthony*,
To touch *Calphurnia* ; for our Elders say,
The Barren touched in this holy Chace,
Shake off their sterile Curse.

Ant. I shall remember,
When *Cæsar* says, Do this ; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on and leave no Ceremony out.

Sooth. *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Ha ! Who calls ?

Cask. Bid every noise be still ; Peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the Press that calls on me ?
I hear a Tongue shriller then all the Rest
Cry, *Cæsar* : Speak, *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the *Ides of March.*

Cæs. What Man is that ?

Brut.

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 5

Brut. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the *Ides of*
Ca. Set him before me, let me see his face. [*March*

Cassi. Fellow, come from the Throng, look up-
on *Caesar*.

Casf. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once
Sooth. Beware the *Ides of March.* [again.

Crf. He is a dreamer, let us leave him: Pass.

[*Exeunt. Manet. Brut. and Cassi.*

Cassi. Will you go see the Order of the Course?

Brut. Not I.

Cassi. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick Spirit that is in *Anthony*:

Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;

I'll leave you.

Cassi. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your Eyes, that gentleness
And shew of Love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn, and too strange a hand
Over your Friend, that Loves you.

Brut. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: IF I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my Countenance
Meerly upon my self. Vexed I am
Of late, with Passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to my self,
But let not therefore my good Friends be griev'd
(Among which number *Cassius* be you one),
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Then that poor *Brutus* with himself at War,
Forgets the shews of Love to other Men. [*Passion*,

Cassi. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your
By means whereof, this Breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your Face?

Brut. No *Cassius*..

6 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar :*

For the Eye sees not it self but by reflection,
By some other things.

Cassi. 'Tis just,
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no such Mirror, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your Eye,
That you might see your shadow : I have heard
Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Caesar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this Ages yoke,
Have wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his Eyes.

Brut. Into what Dangers, would you
Lead me *Cassius* ?
That you would have me seek into my self,
For that which is not in me ?

Cassi. Therefore good *Brutus* be prepar'd to hear:
And since you know, you cannot see your self
So well as by Reflection ; I your Glass,
Will modestly discover to your self
That of your self, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*.
Were I a common Laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love
To every new Protester : If you know,
That I do fawn on Men, and hugg them hard,
And after Scandal them : Or if you know,
That I profess my self in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

[a Shout within..

Brut. What means this Shouting ?
I do fear, the People choose *Caesar*
For their King.

Cassi. Ay, do you fear it ?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brut. I would not *Cassius*, yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?

What

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 7

What is it, that you would impart to me!
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set Honour in one Eye, and Death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferent:
For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more then I fear Death.

Cassi. I know that Vertue to be in you *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honour is the subject of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other Men
Think of this Life: But for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing, as I my self.
I was born free as *Cesar*, so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as he.
For once upon a Raw and Gusty Day,
The troubled *Tyber*, chafing with her Shores,
Cesar said to me, dar'st thou *Cassius* now
Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: So indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with Hearts of Controversie.
But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cesar cry'd, Help me *Cassius*, or I sink.
I (as *Aneas*, our great Ancestor,
Did from the Flames of *Troy*, upon his Shoulder
The old *Anchises* bear) so, from the waves of *Tyber*,
Did I the tyred *Cesar*: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his Body;
If *Cesar* carelessly but nod on him.
He had a Feaver when he was in *Spain*,

And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,
 His Coward lips did from their colour flie,
 And that same Eye, whose Bend doth awe the World
 Did lose his Lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that Tongue of his, that bad the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
Alas, it cryed, *Give me some drink* TITINIUS,
 As a sick Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A Man of such a feeble Temper should
 So get the start of the Majestick Wor'd,
 And bear the Palm alone. [*Shout agens*

Brut. Another general Shout!

I do believe, that these Applauses are
 For some new Honours, that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cass. Why Man, he doth bestride the narrow
 Like a *Colossus*, and we petty Men [*World!*

Walk under his huge Legs, and peep about
 To find our selves dishonourable Graves.

Men at some time, are Masters of their Fates.

The fault (dear *Brutus*) is not in our Stars,

But in our selves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and *Cæsar*: What should be in that *Cæsar*?

Why should that name be founded more then yours?

Write them together: Yours, is as fair a Name:

Sound them, it doth become the Mouth as well.

Weigh them it is as heavy: Conjure with 'em,

Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.

Now in the Names of all the Gods at once,

Upon what Meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,

That he is grown so great! Age, thou art sham'd.

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.

When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,

But it was fam'd with more then with one Man?

When could they say (till now) that talk'd of *Rome*?

That her wide Walks incompast but one Man?

O!

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 9

O! you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal Devil to keep his State in *Rome*,
As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me too, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter. For the present,
I would not so (with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd: What you have said,
I will consider: What you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble Friend, depend on this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himself a Son of *Rome*
Under these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cass. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

[Shout and Flourish here.]

Brut. The Games are done,
And *Cesar* is returning.

Cass. As they pass by,
Pluck *Caska* by the Sleeve,
And he will (after his sour fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to Day.

Enter Caesar and Train as before.

Brut. I will do so: But look you *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth glow on *Cesars* brow,
And all the rest, look like a chidden Train;
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale.

Cass. *Caska* will tell us what the Matter is.

Ces. Anthony.

Ant. Caesar.

Ces.

10 *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.*

Cæs. Let me have Men about me, that are Fat,
Sleek-headed Men, and such as sleep a Nights;
Yon *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much : Such Men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.

Cass. Would he were fatter : But I fear him not :
Yet if my Name were liable to fear,
I do not know the Man I should avoid
So soon as yon spare *Cassius*. He reads much,
He is a great Observer, and he looks
Quite thro' the Deeds of Men. He loves no Plays,
As thou dost *Anthony* : He hears no Musick ;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his Spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such Men as he be never at Hearts ease,
Whilst they behold a greater then themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I fear : For always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right Hand, for this Ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and Train.*]

Cask. You pull'd me by the Cloak, would you
speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask *Caska* what had
chanc'd.

Cask. Why, there was a Crown offer'd him ;
and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back
of his Hand thus, and then the People fell a Shout-
ing.

Bru. What was the second Shout for ?

Cask. Why, for that too

Cassia.

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. II

Cassia. They Shouted thrice, what was the last Cry for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Brut. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Cask. Ay, marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest Neighbours shouted.

Cassii. Who offer'd him the Crown?

Cask. Why, *Anthony*.

Brut. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

Caska. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meer Foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Anthony* offer him a Crown, and as I told you he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again: But to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his Fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by, and still as he refus'd it, the Rabble houted, and clapp'd their chop'd Hands, and threw up their sweaty Night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking Breath, because *Cesar* refus'd the Crown, that it had (almost) choak'd *Cesar*: For he swoun'd, and fell down at it: And for my own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips, and receiving the bad Air.

Cassii. But soft I pray you: What, did *Cesar* swoond?

Cask. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam'd at Mouth, and was speechless.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling-sickness.

Cassii. No, *Cesar* has it not: but you, and I, And honest *Caska*, we have the Falling-sickness.

Cask. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure *Cesar* fell down. If the tag-rag People did

did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they used to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true Man.

Brut. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Cask. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the Common Herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluck'd me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut; and had I been a Man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at his Word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to think it was his Infirmary. Three or Four Wenches where I stood, cried, Alas good Soul! and forgave him with all their Hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them: If *Cæsar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would have done no less.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away?

Cask. Ay.

Cassi. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cassi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne're look you i'th' Face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their Heads: but for mine own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more News too: *Merellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarfs off *Cæsar's* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassi. Will you sup with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassi. Will you dine with me to Morrow?

Cask.

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 13

Cask. Ay, if I be alive, and your Mind hold,
and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cassi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Do so: farewell both.

[Exit.

Brut. What a blunt Fellow is this grown to
[be?

He was quick Mettle when he went to School.

Cassi. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold, or noble Enterprize,
However he puts on this rardy Form:
This Rudeness is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which gives Men Stomach to digest his Words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is.

For this time I will leave you.

To Morrow if you please to speak with me,
I will come to you: or if you will
Come home to me, I will wait for you. [World.

Cassi. I will do so: till then, think of the
[Exit. Brutus,

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I see
Thy Honourable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd; therefore it is meet,
That noble Minds keep ever with their Like:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?

Cesar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.

If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humour me. I will this Night,
In several Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from the several Citizens
Writings, all tending to the great Opinion
That *Rome* holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Cesar's Ambition shall be glanced at.

And after this, let *Cesar* seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse Days endure.

[Exit.

ACT

C

Cask.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Forum, or Market-Place.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Trebonius meeting.

Treb. GOOD even, brought you *Cæsar* home ?
Why are you breathless, why stare you
[so ?

Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of
[Earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O *Trebonius*,
I have seen Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have riv'd the knotty Oaks, and I have seen
Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening Clouds :
But never till to Night, never till now,
Did I go through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Either there is a Civil Strife in Heaven,
Or else the World too sawcy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send Destruction. [ful ?

Treb. Why, saw you any thing more wonder-
[fright,

Cask. A common Slave, you know him well by
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty Torches joyn'd, and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of Fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides (I ha' not since put up my Sword)
Against the Capitol I met a Lyon,
Who gaz'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without anoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a Heap, a hundred gashly Women,
Transform'd with their fear, who swore, they saw
Men,

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 15

Men, all in Fire, walk up and down the Streets.
And Yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Even at Noon-day, upon the Market-place,
Houting, and shrieking. When these Prodigies
Do so conjoyntly meet, let not Men say,
They are Natural :

For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate that they point upon. [*Thunder.*

Treb. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But Men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cesar* to the Capitol to Morrow?

Cask. He does: for he bid *Mark Anthony*
Send Word to you he wou'd be there to Morrow.

Treb. Good-night then, *Caska*:
This disturbed Sky is not to walk in.

Cask. Farewell *Trebonius.* [*Thunder.*
[*Exit Trebonius.*

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. Who's there?

Cask. A Roman.

Cassi. *Caska*, by your Voice.

Cask. Your Ear is good.

Cassius. what a Night is this?

Cassi. A very pleasing Night to honest Men.

Cask. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?

Cassi. Those that have known the Earth so full
[of Faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the Streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous Night;
And thus unbraced, *Caska*, as you see,
Have bar'd my Bosom to the Thunder-bolt;
And when the cross blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Breast of Heaven, I did present my self
Even in the Aim, and very Flash of it.

16 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar:*

Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
[Heavens?

It is the part of Men, to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods by Tokens send
Such dreadful Heralds, to astonish us.

Cassi. You are dull, *Caska*: [man,
And those sparks of Life, that should be in a Ro-
You do want, or else you use not.
Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a Man,
Most like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roars,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitol:
A Man no mightier then thy self, or me,
In personal Action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Cask. Indeed, they say, the *Senators* to Morrow
Mean to establish *Cesar* as a King:
And he shall wear his Crown by Sea, and Land,
In every place, save here in *Italy*. [then;

Cassi. I know where I will wear this Dagger
Cassius from Bondage shall deliver *Cassius*:
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat.
Nor Stony Towers, nor Walls of beaten Brass,
Nor air-less Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the Strength of Spirit:
But Life being weary of these worldly Barrs,
Never lacks Power to dismiss it self.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyranny that I do bear,
I can shake off at Pleasure.

Cask. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his own Hand bears
The Power to cancel his Captivity.

Cass. And why should *Cesar* be a Tyrant then?
Poor Man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 17

But that he sees the *Romans* are but Sheep :
He were no *Lyon*, were not *Romans Hinds*.
Those that with haste wou'd make a mighty Fire,
Begin it with weak Straws. What trash is *Rome*?
What Rubbish, and what Offal? When it serves
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cesar*. But, oh Grief!
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speak this
Before a willing Bond-man: Then I know
My Answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And Dangers are to me indifferent.

Caska. You speak to *Caska*, and to such a Man;
That is no fleering Tell-tale. Take my Hand:
Be factious for redress of all these Grievs,
And I will set this Foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cassius. There's a Bargain made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the Noblest-minded *Romans*
To undergo, with me, an Enterprize,
Of honourable, dangerous Consequence;
And I do know by this, they stay for me
In *Pompey's* Porch:

Enter Cinna. [haste.

Caska. Stand close a while, for here comes one in

Cassius. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his Gate,
He is a Friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cinna. To find out you: Who's that *Metellus*
[*Cymbere*?

Cassius. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for *Cinna*?
[*Thunder*.

Cinna. What a fearful Night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange Sights.

Cassius. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

18 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar:*

Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Cassius*,
If you could but win the Noble *Brutus*
To our Party---

Cassi. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, takethis Pa-
And look you lay it in the *Prator's* Chair,
Where *Brutus* may find it: And throw this
In at his Window; set this up with Wax
Upon old *Brutus's* Statue: All this done,
Repair to *Pompey's* Porch, where you shall find us.
Are *Decius*, *Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cinna. All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and he's gone
To seek you at your House. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bid me.

Cassi. That done, repair to *Pompey's* Theatre.

[Exit *Cinna*.

Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere Day,
See *Brutus* at his House: Three parts of him
Is ours already, and the Man entire
Upon the next Encounter, yields him ours.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE, A Garden.

Enter Brutus.

Brut. What *Lucius*, ho!

I cannot, by the Progress of the Stars,
Give guess how near to Day--- *Lucius*, I say!
I would it were my Fault to sleep so soundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say: What Lu-
[*cus*!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, My Lord?

Brut. Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord.

[*Exit*.

Brut. It must be by his Death: And for my part,

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 19.

I know no personal Cause, to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be Crown'd:
How that might change his Nature, There's the

[Question?

It is the bright Day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary walking: Crown him
And then I grant we put a Sting in him,
That at his Will he may do danger with.

And to speak truth of *Cesar*,

I have not known, when his Affections sway'd
More than his Reason. But 'tis a common proof,

That Lowliness is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turns his Face:

But when he once attains the upmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,

Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So *Cesar* may;

Then lest he may, prevent. And since the Quar-
Will bear no Colour, for the thing he is, [rel
Fashion it thus; That when he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these Extremities:

And therefore think him as a Serpent's Egg,
Which hatch'd, would as his Kind grow mischie-
And kill him in the Shell. [vous,

Enter Lucius with a Letter.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd up and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Brut. Get you to Bed again, it is not Day:
Is not to Morrow (Boy) the tenth of *March*?

Luc. I know not, Sir. [Word.

Brut. Look in the *Kalender*, and bring me

Luc. I will, Sir. [Exit.

Brut. The Exhalations, whizzing in the Air,

26 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.*

Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy self:

Shall Rome, &c. speak, strike, redress,

Brutus, thou sleep'st: Awake.

Such Instigations have been often dropt,

Where I have took them up:

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out,

[*Rome!*]

Shall Rome stand under one Man's awe? What

My Ancestors did from the Streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.

Speak, strike, redress. Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome, I make thee pro-

If the Redress will follow, thou receivest [mise,

Thy full Petition at the Hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen Days.

Brut. 'Tis good. [*Knocking without.*] Go to the Gate, some Body knocks.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,

I have not slept.

Between the Acting of a dreadful Thing,

And the first Motion, all the Interim is

Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream.

The Genius, and the mortal Instruments

Are then in Council: and the State of Man,

Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then

The Nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother Cassius at the Door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brut. 's he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Brut.

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 21

Brut. Do you know them? [Cloaks..

Luc. No, Sir, their Faces are buried in their
That by no means I may discover them,
By any Mark or Favour.

Brut. Let 'em enter. [Exit Lucius.

They are the Faction. O Conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When Evils are most free? O then, by Day
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
To Mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Con-
Hide it in Smiles, and Affability: [spiracy,
For if thou put thy Native Semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it self were dim enough,
To hide thee from Prevention.

Enter Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus,
and Trebonius.

Cassi. I think we are too bold upon your Rest:
Good-morrow *Brutus*, Do we trouble you?

Brut. I have been up this Hour, awake all Night:
Know I these Men, that came along with you?

Cassi. Yes, every Man of them; and no Man here:
But Honours you: And every one doth wish,
You had but that Opinion of your self,
Which every Noble *Roman* bears of you.

This is *Trebonius*.

Brut. He is Welcome hither.

Cassi. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Cassi. He is Welome too. [tellus Cymbel,

Cassi. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this *Me-*

Brut. They are all Welcome.

What watchful Cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cassi. Shall I intreat a Word? [They whisper.

Deci. Here lies the *East*: Doth not the Day

Cask. No. [break here?

Cin.

Cin. O Pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, e're Messengers of Day.

[ceiv'd:

Cask. You shall confess, that you are both de-
Here, as I point my Sword, the Sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the *South*,
Weighing the youthful Season of the Year,

[*North*

Some two Months hence, up higher toward the
He first presents his Fire, and the high *East*
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Brut. Give me your Hands all over, one by one

Cass. And let us swear our Resolution. [Men,

Brut. No; not an Oath: If not the Face of
The Sufferance of our Souls, the times Abuse;
If these be Motives weak, break off betimes,
And every Man hence, to his idle Bed:
So let high-seated Tyranny range on,
Till each Man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) bear Fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steel with Valour
The melting Spirits of Women. Then Countrymen,
What need we any Spur, but our own Cause,
To prick us to redress? What other Bond,
Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the Word,
And will not falter? And what other Oath
Than Honesty to Honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
Swear Priests and Cowards, and such suff'ring Souls
That welcome Wrongs: Unto bad Causes; swear
Such Creatures as Men doubt; but do not stain
The even Virtue of our Enterprize,
Nor th' insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
To think, that, our Cause, or our Performance
Did need an Oath. When every drop of Blood
That every *Roman* bears,

Is

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 23

Is guilty of a several Bastardy,
If he do break the smallest Particle
Of any Promise that hath past from him.

Cassi. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cask. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Metel. O let us have him! For his Silver Hairs
Will purchase us a good Opinion:
And buy Mens Voices, to commend our Deeds.

Bru. O name him not; let us not break with
For he will never follow any thing [him,
That other Men begin.

Cassi. Then leave him out.

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit. [Cesar?

Deci. Shall no Man else be touch'd, but only

Cassi. *Decius* well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Anthony, so well belov'd of *Cesar*,
Should out-live *Cesar*, we shall find of him
A shrewd Contriver. And you know, his means
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: Which to prevent,
Let *Anthony* and *Cesar* fall together. [Cassius,

Brut. Our Course will seem too bloody, *Caius*
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs:
Like Wrath in Death, and Envy afterwards:
For *Anthony* is but a Limb of *Cesar*.

Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers, *Caius*:

We all stand up against the Spirit of *Cesar*.

And in the Spirit of Men there is no Blood:

O that we then could come by *Cesar's* Spirit,

And not dismember *Cesar*! But (alas!)

Cesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:

Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,

Not hew him as a Carcass fit for Hounds;

This

24 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.*

This shall make our Purpose necessary,
Which so appearing to the common Eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Mark Anthony*, think not of him:
For he can do no more than *Caesar's* Arm,
When *Caesar's* Head is off.

Cassi. Yet I fear him,
For the ingrafted Love he bears to *Caesar*.

Brut. Alas! good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Caesar*, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and dye for *Caesar*;
And that were much he should; for he is given
To Sports, to Wildness, and much Company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not dye,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes Three.*
Brut. Peace, count the Clock:

Cassi. The Clock hath stricken Three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cassi. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether *Caesar* will come forth to Day, or no:
For he is Superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent Prodigies,
The unaccustom'd Terror of this Night,
And the Persuasion of his *Augurers*,
May hold him from the Capitol to Day.

Deci. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o're-sway him: For he loves to hear,
That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyls, and Men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him he hates Flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work him,

For

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 25

For I can give his Humour the true Bent :

And I will bring him to the Capitol. [him.

Cassi. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch

Brut. By the eighth Hour, is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost ; and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cesar* hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*,
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brut. Now good *Metellus* go to him from me :
He loves me well, and I have given him Reasons,
Send him hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cassi. The Morning comes upon us :
We'll leave you, *Brutus*,
And Friends disperse yourselves ; but all remember
[Romans.

What you have said, and shew your selves true

Brut. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.

Let not our Looks put on our Purposes,

But bear it as our *Roman* Actors do,

With untyr'd Spirits, and formal Constancy.

And so good-morrow to you every one.

Om. Good Morning to Lord *Brutus*.

[*Exeunt* Conspirators.

Enter *Portia*.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord. [you now ?

Brut. *Portia*, What mean you ? Wherefore rise
It is not for your Health, thus to commit
Your weak Condition to the raw cold Morning
[*Brutus*,

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'havè ungently,
Stole from my Bed : And yesternight at Supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your Arms a-croßs :
And when I ask'd you what the Matter was ?
You star'd upon me, with ungentle Looks.
Yet I insisted ; yet you answer'd not,

D

But

26 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.*

But with an angry Waster of your Hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you ; So I did,
Hoping it was but an Effect of Humour,
Which sometime hath his Hour with every Man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep :
And could it work so much upon your Shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your Cause of Grief.

Brut. I am not well in Health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and were he not in Health,
He would embrace the Means to come by it.

Brut. Why so I do : Good *Portia* go to Bed.

Port. What, is *Brutus* sick ?

And will he steal out of his wholesome Bed
To dare the vile Contagion of the Night?
And tempt the rheumy, and unpurg'd Air,
To add unto his Sicknes ? No, my *Brutus*,
You have some sick Offence within your Mind,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place,
I ought to know of : And upon my Knees,
I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your Vows of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your other half
Why you are heavy ; and what Men to Night
Have had Resort to you ; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their Faces
Even from darkness.

Brut. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*. [*tus.*

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertain to you ? Am I your Self,
But as it were in Sort, or Limitation ?
To keep with you at Meals, comfort your Bed,
And

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 27

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Sub-
Of your good Pleasure? If it be no more, [urbs
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Brut. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy Drops
That visit my sad Heart. [Secret.

Por. If this were true, then shou'd I know this
I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* took to Wife:
I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my Sex,
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong Proof of my Constancy.
Giving my self a voluntary Wound
Here, in the Arm: Can I bear that with Patience,
And not my Husband's Secrets?

Brut. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

[Knocking at the Gate.

Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy Bosom shall partake
The Secrets of my Heart. [Exit. *Portia.*

Enter Lucius, and Caius Ligarius.

Luc. Who's that knocks? [you?

Luc. Here is a sick Man that would speak with

Brut. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how;

[Tongue.

Cai. Vouchsafe Good-morrow from a feeble

[*Caius,*

Brut. O what a time have you chose out, brave
To be distemper'd in. Would you were not sick.

Cai. I am not sick if *Brutus* have in Hand

28 *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar :*

Any Exploit worthy the Name of Honour.

Brut. Such an Exploit have I in Hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthful Ear to hear it.

Cai. By all the Gods that *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my Sickneſs. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave Son, deriv'd from Honourable Loins,
Thou like an Exorcist, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible:
What's to be done ?

Brut. A Piece of Work,
That will make ſick Men whole. [ſick ?

Cai. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make

Brut. That we muſt alſo. What it is, my *Caius*,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.

Cai. Set on your Foot,
And with a Heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what : but it ſufficeth,
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Brut. Follow me then. [*Thunder and Lightning.*

S C E N E, *Cæſar's* Pallace.

Enter Julius Cæſar.

Cæſar. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
Have been at Peace to Night :
Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her Sleep cryed out ;
Help, ho ! They murder *Cæſar* ! Within there !

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæſ. Go bid the Priests do preſent Sacrifice,
And bring me their Opinions of Succeſs.

Ser. I will, my Lord. [Exit.

Enter Calphurnia. [forth ?

Cal. What mean you *Cæſar*, think you to walk
You ſhall not ſtir out of your Houſe to Day.

Cæſ.

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 29

Cas. *Cesar* shall forth; the things that threaten

Ne're look but on my Back: When they shall see [me,
The Face of *Cesar*, they are vanished.

Calph. *Cesar*, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid Sight seen by the Watch.
A Lioness hath whelped in the Streets, [Dead;
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
Fierce fiery Warriours fight upon the Clouds,
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right form of War,
Which drizel'd Blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of Battel hurtled in the Air;
Horses did neigh, and dying Men did groan,
And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the Streets.
O *Cesar*, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cas. What can be avoided
Whose End is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cesar* shall go forth: For these Predictions
Are to the World in general, as to *Cesar*. [seen,

Calp. When Beggars dye, there are no Comets,
[Princes.

The Heavens themselves blaze forth the Death of
Cas. Cowards dye many times before their Deaths,
The Valiant never taste of Death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that Men should fear,
Seeing that Death, a necessary End,
Will come when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers? [Day.

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to
Plucking the Entrails of an Offering forth,

D 3

They

30 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar :*

They could not find a Heart within the beast.

Ces. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardise :

Caesar should be a Beast without a Heart

If he should stay at home to Day for fear ;

No, *Caesar* shall not.

Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your Wisdom is consum'd in Confidence :

Do not go forth to Day : Call it my Fear,

That keeps you in the House, and not your own.

We'll send *Mark Anthony* to the Senate-House,

And he shall say, you are not well to Day :

Let me upon my Knee prevail in this.

Ces. *Mark Anthony* shall say I am not well,

And for thy Humour, I will stay at home.

Enter *Decius*.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Deci. *Caesar*, all hail ! Good morrow worthy
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house. [*Caesar*,

Ces. And you are come in very happy time,

To bear my greeting to the Senators,

And tell them that I will not come to Day :

Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser :

I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Calp. Say he is sick.

Ces. Shall *Caesar* send a Lye ?

Have I in Conquest stretch'd my Arm so far,

To be afraid to tell Gray-beards the Truth !

Decius, go tell them, *Caesar* will not come.

Deci. Most mighty *Caesar*, let me know some

Left I be laugh'd at when I tell 'em so. [*Cause*,

Ces. The Cause is in my Will, I will not come,

That is enough to satisfy the *Senate*.

But for your private Satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia, here my Wife stays me at home :

Sh.

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 35

She dream'd to Night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountain, with an hundred Spouts,
Did run pure Blood; and many lusty *Romans*
Came smiling, and did bath their Hands in it;
And these does she apply, for Warnings and Por-
And Evils imminent; and on her Knee [tents,
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to Day.

Deci. This Dream is all amiss interpreted,
It was a Vision, fair and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting Blood in many Pipes,
In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great *Rome* shall suck
Reviving Blood, and that great Men shall press
For Tinctures, Stains, Relicks, and Cognisance.
This by *Calphurnia's* Dream is signified.

Cas. And this way have you well expounded it.

Deci. I have, when you have heard what I can
The *Senate* have concluded [say.
To give this Day a Crown to mighty *Cesar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their Minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the *Senate*, till another time:
When *Cesar's* Wife shall meet with better Dreams.
If *Cesar* hide himself, shall they not whisper
Lo! *Cesar* is afraid.
Pardon me *Cesar*, for my dear, dear Love
To your Proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And Reason to my Love is liable.

Cas. How foolish do your Fears seem now, *Cal-*
I am asham'd I did yield to them, [phurnia,
For I will go.

Enter Publius.

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, *Cesar*.

Cas. Welcome *Publius*.

32 The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Enter Brutus.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?

Enter *Caska* and *Ligarius*.

Good-morrow *Caska*, *Caius*, *Ligarius*;
Caesar was ne're so much your Enemy,
 As that same Ague which hath made you lean.
 What is't a Clock?

Brut. Caesar, 'tis stricken Eight.

Cas. I thank you for your Pains and Courtesy.

Enter *Anthony*.

See, *Anthony* that Revels long a Nights,
 Is notwithstanding up--- Good morrow, *Anthony*.

Anth. So to most noble *Caesar*.

Cas. Bid them prepare within.

Enter *Cinna* *Metellus*, *Cymbere* and *Trebonius*.
 I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now *Cinna*, now *Metellus*: What, *Trebonius*,
 I have an Hours Talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me to Day.

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar I will. [with me,

Cas. Good Friends, go in, and taste some Wine
 And we, like Friends, will straightway go toge-

Brut. O Caesar! [ther.

The Heart of *Brutus* earns to think upon thee.

[*Exeunt*.

A C T III.

Enter Soothsayer, reading a Paper.

[*Cassius*,
Sooth. "C*Caesar*, beware of *Brutus*, take heed of
 "Come not near *Caska*; have an Eye
 [to *Cinna*,
 "Trust

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 33

" Trust not *Trebonius*, mark well *Metellus Cim-*
[ber,

" *Decius Brutus* loves thee not--- Thou hast

" Wrong'd *Gaius Ligarius*--- There is but one
[Mind

" In all these Men, and it is bent against *Cesar*.

" If thou bee'st not Immortal, look about thee,

" Security gives way to Conspiracy--- The mighty

" Gods defend thee--- Thy Lover, *Artemidorus*.

Here will I stand, till *Cesar* pass along,

And as a Suitor will I give him this.

My Heart laments, that Virtue cannot live

Out of the Teeth of Emulation.

If thou read this, O *Cesar*, thou may'st live,

If not, the Fates with Traytors do contrive.

[Exit.

Enter Portia, and Lucius.

Port. I prithee Boy, run to the Senate-House,

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone,

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my Errand, Madam. [gen]

Port. I wou'd have had thee there, and here a-

E're I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:

O Constancy, be strong upon my Side,

Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue,

I have a Man's Mind, but a Woman's Might;

How hard it is for Women to keep Counsel.

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what shou'd I do;

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else;

And so return to you, and nothing else.

Port. Yes, bring me Word (Boy) if thy Lord

[looks well,

For he went sickly forth; and take good note,

What *Cesar* doth, what Suitors press to him.

Hark

Hark Boy, What Noise is that?

Luc. I hear none Madam.

Port. Prithcee listen well.

I hear a bustling Rumour, like a Fray,
And the Wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Indeed Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothfayer. [been?

Port. Come hither Fellow, Which way hast thou

Sooth. At my own House, good Lady:

Port. What is't a Clock?

Sooth. About the ninth Hour, Lady.

Port. Is *Caesar* yet gone to the Capitol.

Sooth. Madam, not yet-- I go to take my Stand
To see him pass on to the Capitol. [not?

Port. Thou hast some Suit to *Caesar*, hast thou

Sooth. That I have Lady, if it will please *Caesar*
To be so good to *Caesar*, as to hear me;

I shall beseech him to befriend himself. [him?

Port. Why, know'st thou any harm's towards

Sooth. None that I know will be,

Much that I fear may chance.

Good-morrow to you. Here the Street is narrow,

The Throng that follows *Caesar* at the Heels,

Of *Senators*, of *Prators*, common Suitors,

Will crowd a feeble Man almost to Death.

I'll get me to a Place more void, and there

Speak to Great *Caesar* as he comes along. [Exit.

Port. I must go in;

Ay me! How weak a thing

The Heart of Woman is! O *Brutus*!

The Heav'ns speed thee in thine Enterprize.

Sure the Boy heard me-- *Brutus* hath a Suit

That *Caesar* will not grant: O I grow faint!

Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,

Say I am merry, Come to me agen,

And

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 35

And bring me Word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonious, Cinna, Anthony, Lepidus, Publius, and Soothsayer.

Cæs. The *Ides* of *March* are come.

Sooth. Ay *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Hail *Cæsar*, read this *Schedule*.

Deci. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o're-read
At your best Leisure, this his humble Suit. [*Suit.*]

Sooth. O *Cæsar*, read mine first--- for mine's a
[*far.*]

That touches *Cæsar* nearer---: Read it Great *Cæ-*
Cæs. What touches us, our self shall be last serv'd.

Sooth. Delay not *Cæsar*; read it instantly.

Cæs. What is the Fellow mad.

Cassi. What, urge you your Petitions in the
Street, come to the Capitol.

Enter Popilius Lena.

Pop. I wish your Enterprize to Day may thrive.

Cassi. What Enterprize, *Popilius*?

Pop. Fare you well.

Brut. What said *Popilius Lena*? [*thrive,*]

Cassi. He wish'd to Day our Enterprize might
I fear our Purpose is discover'd. [*him.*]

Brut. Look how he makes to *Cæsar*--- mark

Cassi. *Caska* be sudden, for we fear Prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turn back,

For I will slay my self.

Brut. *Cassius* be constant;

Popilius Lena speaks not of our Purpose,

For look he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

SCENE

SCENE draws, and discovers the Capitol;
they seat themselves.

[Brutus,
Cass. Trebonius knows his time--- for look you
He draws *Mark Anthony* out of the way.

Deci. Where is *Metellus Cymbel*? Let him go,
And first prefer his Suit to *Cesar*. [him.

Brut. He is address'd--- press near, and second

Cin. Caska, you are the first that rears your Hand:

Cas. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That *Cesar* and his *Senate* must redress. [Cesar,

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Metellus Cymbel throws before your Seat
An humble Heart.

Cas. I must prevent thee, *Cymbel*:
These Crouchings, and these lowly Courtesies
Might fire the Blood of ordinary Men,
And turn pre-ordnance, and first decree
Into the Lane of Children--- be not fond
To think that *Cesar* bears such rebel Blood
That will be thaw'd from the true Quality

[Words,
With that which melteth Fools, I mean, Sweet

[sing:
Low crooked Courtesies, and base Spaniel fawn-
Thy Brother, by Decree is banish'd:
If thou dost bend and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee, like a Curr, out of my way,
Know, *Cesar* doth no Wrong, nor without Cause,
Will he be satisfy'd. [own,

Met. Is there no Voice more worthy than my
To sound more sweetly in Great *Cesar*'s Ear
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother.

Brut. I kiss thy Hand, but not in Flattery *Cesar*,
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cymbel* may

Have

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 37

Have an immediate Freedom of Repeal.

Cæs. What, *Brutus*!

Cass. Pardon *Cæsar*; *Cæsar* Pardon!

As low as to thy Feet doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg Enfranchisement for *Publius Cymber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd if I were as you,
If I cou'd pray to move, Prayers wou'd move me;

But I am constant as the *Northern Star*,

Of whose true Fixt, and resting Quality,

There is no fellow in the Firmament.

The Skies are painted with unnumber'd Sparks,

They are all Fire, and every one doth shine,

But there's but one in all doth hold his place.

So in the World, 'tis furnish'd well with Men,

And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive,

Yet in the number, I do know but one

That unaffailable holds on his Course,

Unshak'd of Motion; and that one am I

Let me a little shew it, ev'n in this:

That I was constant *Cymber* shou'd be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so:

Cin. O *Cæsar*!

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?

Deci. Great *Cæsar*!

Cæs. Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel--

Cass. Speak Hands for me! [*Stabs him*]

Cæs. *Ft tue* Brute! Then falls *Cæsar*-- [*dies*]

Cass. Some to the common Pulpit, and cry out

Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement--

Brut. People and Senators, be not affrighted;

ly not, stand still-- Ambition's Debt is paid--

Cass. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*--

Deci. And *Cassius* too!

Brut. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this Mutiny--

Brut. *Publius*, Good Cheer,

E

There

Have

38 *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.*

There is no harm intended to your Person
Nor to any *Roman* else-- So tell them *Publius*.

Cassi. And leave us *Publius*.

Brut. Do so, good *Brutus*, and let no Man abide
But we the Doers --- [this Deed]

Enter Trebonius.

Cassi. Where is *Anthony*?

Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd ; [run]
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and
As it were Dooms-day.

Brut. Fates, we will know your Pleasures ;
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing Days out, that Men stand upon.

Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty Years of Life,
Cuts off so many Years of fearing Death--

Brut. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit.
So are we *Cæsar*'s Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing Death-- Stoop *Romans*, stoop,
And let us bathe our Hands in *Cæsar*'s Blood,
And all besmear our Swords,
Then walk we forth, ev'n to the Market-place,
And waving our red Weapons o're our Heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.

Cassi. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over
In States unborn, and Accents yet unknown.

Brut. So many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in [Sport!
That now on *Pompey*'s Basis lies along,
No worthier than the Dust.

Cassi. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the Knot of us be call'd
The Men that gave their Country Liberty.

Deci. What, shall we forth?

Cassi.

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 39

Cassi. Ay, ev'ry Man away --

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his Heels
With the most boldest, and best Hearts of *Rome*.

Enter Servant.

[*Anthony's.*

Brut. Soft, who comes here ? A Servant of *An-*

[*kneel,*

Serv. Thus *Brutus*, did my Master bid me
Thus did *Mark Anthony* bid me fall down,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say.
Brutus is noble, wise valiant, and honest,
Cesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love *Brutus*, and I honour him,
Say, I fear'd *Cesar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Anthony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd,
How *Cesar* hath deserv'd to lye in Death,
Mark Anthony shall not love *Cesar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living-- But will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thro' all the Hazards of this untrod State
With all true Faith-- So says my Master *Anthony*.

Brut. Thy Master is a wise and valiant *Roman*,
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this Place,
He shall be satisfy'd ; and by my Honour
Depart untouch'd,

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit.

Brut. I know that we shall have him well to
[Friend.

Cassi. I wish we may: But yet I have a Mind
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the Purpose---

Enter Anthony.

Brut. But here comes *Anthony*.

40 *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar :*

Welcome *Mark Anthony*.

Anth. O mighty *Cæsar* ! Dost thou lye so low?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well!
I know not Gentlemen what you intend!
Who else must be let Blood?
If I my self, there is no Hour so fit,
As *Cæsar*'s Death's Hour-- nor no Instrument
Of half that worth, as those your Swords made

[rich,
With the most noble Bleed of all this World.
I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpl'd Hands do reak and smoak,
Fulfil your Pleasure; live a thousand Years,
I shall not find my self so apt to die.
No Place will please me so, no Mein of Death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of the Age.

Brut. O *Anthony*, beg not your Death of us:
Tho' now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our Hands, and this our present Act
We seem to do-- Yet see you but our Hands,
Our Hearts you see not, they are pitiful.
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*,
Hath done this Deed on *Cæsar*-- For your part,
To you, our Swords have Leaden Points, *Mark*
And our Hearts [Anthony,
Of Brother's Temper, do receive you in
With all kind Love, good Thoughts, and Reverence.

Cass. Your Voice shall be as strong as any Man's
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Brut. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The Multitude, besides themselves will fear,
And then we will deliver you the Cause,
Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded--

Anth.

Wil

Ant

Let each
First,
Next,
Now I
Yours
Tho' la
Gentle
My Cr
That o
Either
That I
If then
Shall i
To see
Shakin
Had I
Weepi
It wou
In Ter

Pardon
Here d
Sign'd
O Wo
And th
How, I
Dost t

Cass

Ant

The En
Then,

Cass

But w
Will y
Or sha

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 41

Anth. I doubt not of your Wisdom ;

Let each Man render me his bloody Hand.

First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you:

Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your Hand,

Now *Decius Brutus*, yours, now yours *Mettellus*:

Yours *Cinna*, and my valiant *Caska*, yours.

Tho' last, not least in Love, yours, good *Trebonius*

Gentleman all-- Alas ! what shall I say ?

My Credit now stands on such slippery Ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me.

Either a Coward or a Flatterer--

That I did love thee once, *Cesar*, 'tis true,

If then thy Spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy Death,

To see thy *Anthony* making his Peace,

Shaking the bloody Fingers of thy Foes--

Had I as many Eyes as thou hast Wounds,

Weeping as fast as they Stream forth thy Blood

It wou'd become me better, than to close

In Terms of Friendship with thy Enemies.

[Heart ;

Pardon me, *Julius*, here wast thou bay'd, brave

Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy Spoil, and crimson'd in thy Lethe.

O World, thou wast the Forest to this Hart,

And this indeed, O World, the Heat of thee.

How, like a Deer, stricken by many Princes,

Dost thou here lye.

Cass. Mark Anthony.

Anth. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius* ;

The Enemies of *Cesar* shall say this :

Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modesty - -

Cass. I blame you not for praising *Cesar* so,

But what Compact mean you to have with us ?

Will you be prick'd in Number of our Friends,

Or shall we on, and not depend on you.

42 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar :*

Anth. Therefore I took your Hands, but was in-
[deed

Sway'd from the Point, by looking down on *Caesar* :
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this Hope, that you shall give me Reasons
Why, and wherein, *Caesar* was dangerous.

Brut. Or else were this a savage Spectacle ;
Our Reasons are so full of good Regard,
That were you, *Anthony*, the Son of *Caesar*,
You shou'd be satisfy'd.

Anth. That's all I seek.

And am moreover Suitor, that I may
Produce his Body, to the Market-place,
And, in the Pulpit, as becomes a Friend,
Speak in the Order of his Funeral.--

Brut. You shall, *Mark Anthony*.

Cassi. *Brutus*, a Word with you.
You know not what you do ; do not consent
That *Anthony* speak in his Funeral,
Know you how much the People may be mov'd
By that which he will utter.

Brut. By your pardon,
I will my self into the Pulpit first,
And shew the Reason of our *Caesar*'s Death--
What *Anthony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission ;
And that we are contented *Caesar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies:
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong--

Cassi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Brut. *Mark Anthony*.-- Here, take you *Caesar*'s
[Body ;

You shall not in your Funeral Speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Caesar*,
And say you do't by our Permission ---
Else shall you not have any Hand at all

About

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 43.

About his Funeral : And you shall speak
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my Speech is ended.

Anth. Be it so,
I do desire no more.

Brut. Prepare the Body then, and follow us.

[Exit all but Anthony.]

Anth. O Pardon me, thou bleeding Piece of
[Earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers,
Thou art the Ruins of the noblest Man,
That ever lived in the Tide of Times - - -
Woe to the Hand, that shed this costly Blood.
Over thy Wounds, now do I Prophecy,
(Which like dumb Mouths, do ope their ruby Lips
To beg the Voice and Utterance of my Tongue.)
A Curse shall light upon the Limbs of Men,
Domestick Fury, and fierce civil Strife,
Shall cumber all the Parts of *Italy* !
Blood and Destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful Objects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quarter'd with the Hands of War.
That this foul Deed, shall Smell above the Earth.
With Carrion Men, groaning for Burial - - -

Enter Servant.

You serve *Octavius Caesar*, do you not ?

Serv. I do, *Mark Anthony* - - -

Anth. *Caesar* did write from him to come to *Rome*.

Serv. He did receive his Letter, and is coming.
And bid me say to you by Word of Mouth, - - -

O *Caesar*. [weep,

Anth. Thy Heart is big - - - Get thee a part and
Passion I see is catching from mine Eyes,
Seeing those Beads of Sorrow stand in thine ;

Began to Water - - - Is thy Master coming?

Serv. He lies to Night within seven Leagues of

Anth. Post back with speed; [Rome.

And tell him what hath chanc'd;

Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,

No place of safety for *Octavius* yet,

Hye hence, and tell him so. - - - Yet stay a while,

Thou shalt not back, till I have born this Body

To the Market-Place - - - There shall I try

In my Oration, how the People take

The cruel Issue of these bloody Men - - -

According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young *Octavius* of the State of things.

Take up the Body - - -

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Cassius, and Mob.

Mob. We will be satisfy'd, let us be satisfy'd.

[*Friends;*

Brut. Then follow me, and give me Audience,

Cassius, go you into the other Street,

And part the Numbers - - -

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here,

Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,

And publick Reasons shall be rendred

Of *Cæsar's* Death - - -

1. I will hear *Brutus* speak.

[*sons,*

2. I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their Rea-
When severally we hear them rendred

3. The noble *Brutus* is ascended. Silence.

[*me for my*

Brut. *Romans*, Countrymen, and Lovers, hear.
Cause, and be silent, that you may hear---believe

[*nour,*

Me for mine Honour, and have respect to my Hon-

That you may believe--- Censure me in your

Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may

The

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 45

The better judge- - If there be any in this Assem-

[bly,
Any dear Friends of *Cesar's*, to him I say, that
Brutus love to *Cesar*, was no less than his--- If
Then that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against
Cesar, this is my Answer--- Not that I lov'd
Cesar less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more-- Had you
Rather *Cesar* were living and dye Slaves, than
That *Cesar* were dead, to live all Freemen---
As *Cesar* lov'd me, I weep for him, as he
Was fortunate, I rejoyce at it ; as he was
Valiant, I honour him-- But as he was ambitious,

[his
I slew him-- There is Tears, for his Love, Joy for
Fortune, Honour for his Valour, and Death for
His Ambition--- Who is here so base, that would
Be a Bondman ? If any speak--- For him have
I have offended-- Who is here so rude, that would
Not be a *Roman* ? If any Speak --- for him have
I offended --- Who is here so vile, that will not
Love his Country ? If any, Speak, for him
Have I offended--- I pause for a Reply--

Omn. None, *Brutus*, none. [no

Brut. Then none have I offended--I have done
More to *Cesar*, than you shall do to *Brutus*.
The Question of his Death, is Enroll'd in the
Capitol--- His Glory not extenuated, wherein
He was worthy-- Nor his Offences enforc'd,
For which he suffer'd Death---

[who
Here comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Anthony*,
Tho' he had no Hand in his Death, shall receive
The Benefit of his dying, a Place in the Common
Wealth- As which if you shall not--- with this I
Depart, that as I slew my best Lover for the Good
Of *Rome*, I have the same Dagger for my self,
When

46 *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.*

When it shall please my Country to need my Death.

Omn. Live *Brutus*, live, live. [House.

1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his
2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be *Cæsar*.
4. *Cæsar*'s better parts,

Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. We'll bring him to his House,
- With Shouts and Clamours!

Brut. My Countrymen!

2. Peace, Silence, *Brutus* speaks.

1. Peace, ho!

Brut. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with *Anthony*.

Dograce to *Cæsar*'s Corps, and grace his Speech,
Tending to *Cæsar*'s Glories, which *Mark Anthony*
By our Permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you not a Man depart,
Save I alone, till *Anthony* have spoke. [Exit.

Enter Anthony, with Cæsar's Body.

1. Stay ho, and let us hear *Mark Anthony*.

3. Let him go up into the publick Chair.

[We'll hear him--- Noble *Anthony* go up.

Anth. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you:

4. What does he say of *Brutus*?

3. He says for *Brutus* sake, He is
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4. 'Twere best he spake no harm of *Brutus* here.

1. This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3. Nay, that's certain,

We are blest that *Rome* is rid of him.

2. Peace let us hear what *Anthony* can say.

Omn. Peace ho, let's hear him-- [your Ears,

Anth. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.

The

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 47

The Evil that Men do, lives after them,
The Good is oft interred with their Bones.
So let it be with *Cesar* : The noble *Brutus*
Hath told you, *Cesar* was ambitious ;
If it were so, it was a grievous Fault.
And grievously has *Cesar* answer'd it :
Here under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,
For *Brutus* is an honourable Man,
(So are they all ; all honourable Men)
Come I to speak in *Cesar*'s Funeral.
He was my Friend, faithful and just to me,
But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an honourable Man - - -
He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,
Whose Ransom did the general Coffers fill.
Did this in *Cesar* seem ambitious ?
When that the Poor have cry'd, *Cesar* hath wept,
Ambition shou'd be made of sterner Stuff,
Yet *Brutus* says he was ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an honourable Man - - -
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly Crown, [tion ?
Which he did thrice refuse - - - Was this Ambi-
Yet *Brutus* says he was ambitious,
And sure he is an honourable Man.--
I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know,
You all did love him once, not without Cause,
[him ?

What Cause with-holds you then, to mourn for
O Judgment ! Thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
And Men have lost their Reasons-- Bear with me,
My Heart is in the Coffin there with *Cesar*,
And I must pause, till it come back to me - -

1. Methinks there is much Reason in his Sayings.

2. If thou consider rightly of the Matter,
Cas.

48 *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.*

Cæsar has had great Wrong.

3. Has he Master's! I fear there will a Worse
come in his place. [Crown,

4. Mark'd you his Words? he wou'd not take the
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambiguous.

1. If it be found, some will dear abide it [ing.

2. Poor Soul, his Eyes are red as Fire with weep-
[thony.

3. There's not a nobler Man in *Rome* than *An-*

4. Now mark him, he begins agen to speak.

Anth. But Yesterday, the Word of *Cæsar* might
Have stood against the World-- Now lies he there
And none so proper to do him Reverence.

O Masters! If I were dispos'd to stir
Your Hearts and Minds to Mutiny and Rage,
I should do *Brutus* Wrong, and *Cassius* Wrong,
Who you all know, are honourable Men,
I will not do them Wrong: I rather chuse
To wrong the Dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable Men ---
But here's a Parchment with the Seal of *Cæsar*,
I found it in his Closet --- 'Tis his Will ---
Let but the Commons hear this Testament,
Which, Pardon me, I do not mean to read,
And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar*'s Wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his sacred Blood;
Yea, beg a Hair of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
Unto their Issue.

4. We'll hear the Will-- read it, *Mark Antho-*
[sar's Will.

Omn. The Will, the Will-- We will hear *Cæ-*
[not read it.

Anth. Have Patience, gentle Friends, I must
It is not meet, you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.
You

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 49

You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but Men,
And being Men, hearing the Will of *Cesar*,
It will enflame you, it will make you mad ;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
For if you shou'd, O what will come of it ?

4. Read the Will, we'll hear it, *Anthony*;
You shall read us the Will ; *Cesar's* Will.

[while.

Anth. Will you be patient ? Will you stay a
I have o'reshot my self to tell you of it,
I fear I wrong the honourable Men,
Whose Daggers have stabb'd *Cesar*-- I do fear it.

4. They were Traytors-- Honourable Men !

[read the Will.

2. They were Villains, Murderers-- The Will,

Anth. You will compel me then to read the Will--
Then make a Ring about the Corps of *Cesar*,
And let me shew you him that made the Will.
Shall I descend--- And will you give me Leave ?

Omn. Come down.

2. Descend.

3. You shall have Leave.

4. A Ring, Stand round.

1. Stand from the Hearse-- Stand from the Body.

2. Room for *Anthony*, Most noble *Anthony*.

Anth. Nay, press not so upon me-- Stand far off.

Omn. Stand back--- Room, bear back. [now,

Anth. If you have Tears, prepare to shed 'em
You all do know this Mantle-- I remember
The first time *Cesar* ever put it on,
Twas on a Summer's Evening, in his Tent,
That Day he overcame the *Nervii*.
Look, in this place run *Cassius* Dagger thro'
See what a Rent the envious *Caska* made.
Thro' this, the Well-beloved *Brutus* Stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his curs'd Steel away,

F

And

50 *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.*

Mark how the Blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it.
 As rushing out of Doors, to be resolv'd
 If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd or no:
 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar's* Angel.
 Judge, O ye Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him.
 This was the most unkindest Cut of all,
 For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him Stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than Traytors Arms,
 Quite Vanquish'd him: Then burst his mighty
 And in his Mantle, muffling up his Face, [Heart,
 Ev'n at the Base of *Pompey's* Statue
 (Which all the while ran Blood) Great *Cæsar* fell.
 O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody Treason flourish'd over us.
 O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity---These are gracious Drops.
 Kind Souls! What weep you, when you but behold
 Our *Cæsar's* Vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd as you see with Traytors.

1. O piteous Spectacle!

2. O noble *Cæsar*!

3. O woful Day!

4. O Traytors! Villains!

1. O most bloody Sight!

2. We will be Reveng'd: Revenge,
 About, Seek, Burn, Fire, Kill, Slay,
 Let not a Traytor Live.

Ant. Stay Countrymen!

1. Peace there---Hear the noble *Anthony*. [him.

2. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dye with

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not
 To such a sudden Flood of Mutiny. [stir you up
 They that have done this Deed, are honourable.
 What private Grievs they have, alas I know not,
 That made 'em do it---They are wise & honourable
 And

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 51

And will, no doubt, with Reasons Answer you.
I come not Friends, to steal away your Hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is,
But as you know me all, a plain blunt Man.
That love my Friend, and that they know full well.
That gave me publick leave to speak of him.
But I have neither Wit, nor Words, nor Worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of Speech,
To stir Mens Bloods---I only speak right on,
I tell you that, which you your selves do know,
Shew you sweet *Casars* Wounds, poor, poor, dumb
Mouths---

And bid them speak for me--But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Anthony*, there were an *Anthony*
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In ev'ry Wound of *Cesar*---That thou'd mov'd
The Stones of *Rome* to rise and Mutiny.

All. We'll Mutiny.

1. We'll Burn the House of *Brutus*.

3. Away then, come, seek the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me Countrymen, yet hear me speak

All. Peace ho, hear *Anthony* most noble *Anthony*.

Ant. Why Friends; you go to do I know not what
Wherein hath *Cesar* thus deserv'd your Loves?
If you know not, I must tell you then:

You have forgot the Will I told you off. [Will.

All. Most true, the Will--let's stay and hear the

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cesar's* Seal.

1. To ev'ry *Roman* Citizen he gives,

10 ev'ry several Man, seventy five Drachma's.

2. Most noble *Cesar*---We'll revenge his Death

3. O Royal *Cesar*!

Ant. Hear me with Patience.

All. Peace ho.

Ant. Moreover he hath left you all his Walks,
his private Arbors, and new planted Orchards.

52 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar :*

On this side *Tyber*, he hath left them you,
And to your Heirs for ever--- Common Pleasures
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.
Here was a *Cesar*---When comes such another.

4. Never, never, come, away, away,
We'll burn his Body in the holy Place,
And with the brands fire the Traytor's Houses.
Take up the Body. *Huzza*. [Exeunt.]

Ant. Now let it work, mischief, thou art a foot
Take thou what Course thou wilt.

Enter Servant.

How now Fellow.

Serv. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cesar's* House.

Ant. And thither will I straight to Visit him.
He comes upon a Wish---Fortune is Merry,
And in this Mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*,
Are rid like Madmen, thro' the Gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the People
How I had mov'd 'em---bring me to *Octavius*. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

Anthony, Octavius, Lepidus discover'd.

[are prick'd.]
Anth. These many then shall dye--their Names
Octa. Your Brother too must dye--Consent

Lep. I do Consent. [you *Lepidus*?

Octa. Prick him down *Anthony*.

Lep. Upon Condition, *Publius* shall not Live,
Who is your Sisters Son, *Mark Anthony*.

Ant. He

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 53

Ant. He shall not Live--Look with a Spot I
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Casars* house, [damn him.
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to Cut off some Charge in Legacies.

Lep. What, Shall I find you here? [Exit.

Octa. Or Here, or at the *Capitol*.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable Man,
Meet to be sent on Errands---Is it fit,
The threefold World divided, he shou'd stand
One of the three to share it.

Octa. So you thought him,
And took his Voice, who shou'd be prick'd to dye,
In our black Sentence, and Proscription. [you

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seen more Days then
And tho' we lay these Honours on this Man
To ease our selves of diverse slanderous Loads,
He shall but bear them, as the Ass bears Gold,
To Groan and Sweat under the Business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way.
And having brought our Treasure where we will,
Then take we down his Load, and turn him off.
(Like to the empty Ass) to shake his Ears,
And graze in Commons.

Octa. You may do your Will,
But he's a try'd, and valiant Soldier.

Ant. So is my Horse, *Octavius*, and for that,
I do appoint him store of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to Fight,
To wind, to Stop, to run directly on :
His Corporal motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so :
Do not talk of him,
But as a Property ; and now *Octavius*,
Listen great Things--*Brutus* and *Cassius* [Head,
Are levying Powers : We must straight make
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,

54 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar :*

Our best Friends made, our Means stretch'd,
And let us presently go sit in Council,
How covert Matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answer'd.

Octa. Let us do so--- for we are at the Stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies---
And some that smile, have in their Hearts, I fear,
Million of Mischiefs--- *March here.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers, meeting Caska, and Pindarus.

Brut. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the Word ho, and stand!

Brut. What now *Lucilius*, is *Cassius* near?

Luc. He is at Hand, and *Pindarus* is come,
To do you Salutation from his Master. [*darius*

Brut. He greets me well -- Your Master *Pindarus*
In his own Change, or by ill Officers,
Hath giv'n me some worthy Cause to wish
Things done, undone, -- but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfy'd.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble Master will appear
Such as he is, full of Regard, and Honour.

Brut. He is not doubted -- a Word, *Lucilius*,
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd. [*nough*

Luc. With Courtesy -- and with Respect
But not with such familiar Instances,
Nor with such free, and friendly Conference,
As he hath us'd of old --

Brut. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling : Ever note *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay,
Is useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith,
But hollow Men, like Horses hot at hand,

Make

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 55

Make gallant Shew, and Promise of their Mettle.
But when they shou'd endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Tryal - - Comes his Army on?

[quarter'd:
Luc. They mean this Night in *Sardis* to be
The greater Part, the Horse, in general,
Are come with *Cassius*. [March here.

Enter Cassius, and Soldiers.

Brut. Hark, he is arriv'd.
March gently on to meet him.

Cassi. Stand, ho!

Brut. Stand, ho. Speak the Word along - -
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.

[Wrong.

Cassi. Most noble Brother, you have done me
[mies?

Brut. Judge me, ye Gods; wrong I mine Ene-
And if not so, how shou'd I wrong a Brother.

Cassi. *Brutus*, this sober Form of your hides
And when you do them - - [Wrongs,

Brut. *Cassius*, be content.
Speak your Grievs softly, I do know you well.
Before the Eyes of both our Armies here
(Which shou'd perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not Wrangle - - bid them move away,
Then in my Tent *Cassius*, enlarge your Grievs,
And I will give you audience - -

Cassi. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off
A little from this Ground.

Brut. *Lucilius*, do you the like, and let no Man
[ence!
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Confer-
Let

56 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.*

Let *Lucius*, and *Titinius* guard our Door.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Brutus, and Cassius. [in this.

Cassi. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking Bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the Man, was slighted of. [*Cass.*

Brut. You wrong'd your self, to write in such a

Cassi. In such a time as this, it it not meet
That ev'ry nice Offence shou'd bear his Comment.

Brut. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your self
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To sell and mart your Offices for Gold,
To Undeservers.

Cassi. I an itching Palm?

You know that you are *Brutus* that speaks this,
Or by the Gods, this Speech were else your last.

Brut. This Name of *Cassius* Honours this Cor-
[ruption
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his Head.

Cassi. Chastisement! [member,

Brut. Remember *March*, the *Ides* of *March* re-
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake.

What Villain touch'd his Body, that did stab,
And not for Justice -- What, shall one of us,

That struck the foremost Man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers -- Shall we now,

Contaminate our Fingers with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty Space of our large Honours,

For so much Trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dog, and bay the Moon,

Than such a *Roman* --

Cassi. *Brutus*, bait not me,
I'll not endure it.

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 57

I am a Soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than your self,
To make Conditions.

Brut. Go to, You are not *Cassius*.

Cassi. I am.

Brut. Away, flight Man.

Cassi. Is't Possible?

Brut. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash Choſer,
Shall I be frighted when a Madman Stares?

Cassi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, must I endure all this?

Brut. All this? Ay, more: fret till your proud
[heart break;

Go, shew your Slaves how Cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble: must I bow?
Must I observe you: must I stand and Crouch
Under your testy Humour? by the Gods

You shall digest the Venom of your Spleen,
Tho' it do split you -- for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my Laughter,
When you are waspish --

Cassi. Is it Come to this?

Brut. You say, you are a better Soldier;
Let it appear so: Make your Vaunting true,
And it shall please me well -- for mine own part;
I shall be glad to learn of noble Men --

Cassi. You wrong me ev'ry way
You wrong me *Brutus* -- --
I said an Elder Soldier, not better.
Did I say better?

Brut. If you did I care not. [mov'd me

Cassi. When *Cesar* liv'd, he durst not thus have

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so have temp-

Cassi. I durst not? [ted him.

Brut. No, I durst not!

Cassi. What, durst not tempt him?

Brut.

58 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.*

Brut. For your Life you durst not.

Cassi. Do not presume too much upon my Love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brut. You have done that you shou'd be sorry
There is no terror *Cassius*, in your threats [for.
For I am Arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle Wind;
Which I respect not -- I did send to you
For certain Sums of Gold,
For I can raise no Money by vile means;
By Heav'n I had rather Coin my heart;
And drop my Blood for *Drachma's*, than to wring
From the hard hand of Peasants there vile trash
By any indirection -- I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me--was that done like *Cassius*?
Shou'd I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows so Covetous,
To lock such Rascal Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods, with all your Thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.

Cassi. I deny'd you not.

Brut. You did.

Cassi. I did not. He was but a fool
That brought my Answer back: *Brutus* hath
[riv'd my Heart.

A Friend shou'd bear his Friends Infirmities.

But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Brut. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassi. You Love me not.

Brut. I do not like your faults.

Cassi. A Friendly Eye cou'd never see such faults

Brut. A Flatterer's wou'd not, tho' they do ap-
As huge as high *Olympus*. [pear

Cassi. Come *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come,
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,

For

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 59

For *Cassius* is a weary of the World,
Hated by one he Loves, brav'd by his Brother ;
Check'd like a Bondman, all his Faults observ'd,
Set in a Note Book, Learn'd, and Conn'd by Roar,
To cast into my Teeth---O! I could Weep
My Spirit from my Eyes---There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breast---Within a Heart
Dearer than *Pluto's* mine, Richer than Gold.
If that thou be'st a *Roman*, take it forth,
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart ;
Strike as thou didst at *Cesar*, for I know
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'd'st him
Better,
Than ever thou lov'd'st *Cassius*.

Brut. Sheath your Dagger,
Be angry when you will,
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour;
O *Cassius*, you are Yoked with a Lamb,
That carries Anger, as a Flint bears Fire
Who much Enforced, shews a hasty Spark,
And straight is Cold agen.

Cass. Hath *Cassius* Liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When Grief, and Blood ill temper'd, vexeth him.

Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too:

Cass. Do you confess so much -- Give me your

Brut. And my heart too: [hand

Cass. O *Brutus*, *Brutus*.

Brut. What's the matter? [me,

Cass. Have not you Love enough to bear with
When that rash humour which my Mother gave
Makes me forgetful. [me;

Brut. Yes, *Cassius*, and henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your Mother chides, and leave you so:
Bid the Commanders *Lucius*

Pre-

60 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.*

Prepare to Lodge their Companies to night --

Cassi. And bring *Messala* with you,
Immediately to us.

Brut. *Lucilius*, a Bowl of Wine. [Angry.]

Cassi. I did not think you cou'd have been so

Brut. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many Grievs,

Cassi. Of your Philosophy you make no use;
If you give place to accidental evils.

Brut. No Man bears sorrow better --- *Portia* is

Cassi. Ha *Portia* ! [dead.]

Brut. She is dead.

Cassi. How scap'd I killing, when I Crost you so?
Upon what Sickness.

Brut. Impatient of my absence, [Anthony
And grief, that young *Octavius*, with *Mark*
Have made themselves so strong: for with her
[death.

That tydings came -- with this she fell distracted,
And (her attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cassi. And dy'd so:

Brut. Ev'n so:

Cassi. O ye Immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine.

Brut. Speak no more of her: Give me a Bowl
In this I buy all unkindness, *Cassius*. [of Wine.]

Cassi. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the wine o'reflow the Cup.
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus* Love.

Enter Messala and Caska.

Brut. Come in *Caska*.

Welcome, Good *Messala*.

Now sit we down

And call in Question our necessities.

Cassi. *Portia*, Art thou gone?

Brut.

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 61

Brut. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here receiv'd Letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Anthony*
Come down upon us with a mighty Power
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Mess. My self have Letters of the self same Ten-

Brut. With what Addition? [nure.

Mess. That by Proscription, and bills of out-
Octavius, *Anthony*, and *Lepidus* [lawry,
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Brut. Therein our Letters do not well agree,
Mine speak of seventy Senators that dy'd,
By their Proscriptions. - - - *Cicero* being one.

Cass. *Cicero* one!

Mess. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of Pro-

scription.
Had you your Letters from your Wife, my Lord?

Brut. No *Messala*.

Mess. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her.

Brut. Nothing *Messala*.

Mess. That methinks is strange.

Brut. Why ask you?

Hear you ought of her in yours?

Mess. No, my Lord.

Brut. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

Mess. Then like a *Roman*, bear the truth I tell.

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brut. Why farewell *Portia* -- we must die; *Mess-*

With meditating that she must die once [sala,

have the Patience to endure it now.

Mess. Ev'n so great Men great losses shou'd

endure.

Cass. I have as much of this in art, as you.

But yet my Nature cou'd not bear it so:

Brut. Well t' our Work alive -- what do you

Of marching to *Philippi* presently. [think.

Cass.

Brut.

62 . . . The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Cass. I do not think it Good.

Brut. Your Reason?

Cass. This it is.

'Tis better that the Enemy seeks us
So shall he waste his means, weary his Soldiers,
Doing himself offence - - whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Brut. Good reasons must, of force, give way
[to better,

The People, 'twixt *Philippi* and this Ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection--
For they have grudg'd us Contribution - -
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd.
From which advantage shall we cut him off;
If at *Philippi* we do face him there;
These People at our back.

Cass. Hear me, good Brother.

Brut. Under your pardon, you must note be-
[fide

That we have try'd the utmost of our Friends;
Our Legions are brim full, our Cause is ripe,
The Enemy encreaseth ev'ry day,
We at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tyde in the affairs of Men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full Sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cass. Then with your will go on - - we'l along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Brut. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And Nature must obey necessity - -

There

There

Cass.

Early

Brut.

Good

Good

Cass.

This v

Never

Let it

Brut.

Cass.

Brut.

Me.

Eru.

Wher

Luc.

Brut.

Poor

Call

I'll ha

Luc.

Var.

Brut.

It may

On bu

Var.

And w

Eru.

It may

Lucius.

Can't

And to

Luc.

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar. 63

There is no more to say.

Cass. No more -- Good night;
Early to morrow will we rise -- and hence.

Brut. Farewel, Good *Messala*,
Good night *Caska* -- noble, noble, *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

Cass. O my dear Brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such Division 'tween our Souls.
Let it not *Brutus*.

Brut. Ev'ry thing is well --

Cass. Good night, my Lord.

Brut. Good night good brother.

Mess. Good night, Lord *Brutus*. [Exeunt.

Brut. Farewel ev'ry one.

Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent

Brut. What, thou speak'st drowsily;

Poor knave, I blame thee not -- thou art o'er-

Call *Claudio*, and some other of my Men, [watch'd.

I'll have them sleep on Cushions in my tent.

Luc. *Varrus*, and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. My Lord!

Brut. I pray you sirs, lie in my tent and sleep,

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my Brother *Cassius* --

Var. So please you, we will stand,

And watch your pleasure --

Brut. I will not have it so -- Lie down, good

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me. [sirs,

Lucius,

Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,

And touch thy Instrument a strain or two..

Luc. My Lord, an't please you.

64 *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar :*

Brut. It does my Boy.
I trouble thee too much -- but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Brut. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know young bloods look for a time of rest---

Luc. I have slept my Lord, already.

Brut. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep agen,
I will not hold thee long, if I do live,
I will be good to thee -- [*Musick here behind.*

Brut. This is a sleepy tune -- O Murderous
[Slumber !

I lay'st thou thy leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That plays thee Musick -- gentle knave, Good
[night,

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee,
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,
I'll take it from thee, and good boy, Good night
[*Ghost of Cæsar Rises.*

Let me see, let me see -- is not the leaf turn'd
Where I left reading ? here it is, I think. [down
How ill this paper burns ! ha, who comes here !

I think it is the weakness of my eyes,
That shapes this Monstrous Apparition ?
It comes upon me ---- art thou any thing ?

Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to Stair ?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil Spirit *Brutus.*

Brut. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at *Phi.*

Brut. Well, then I shall see thee agen [lippi.

Ghost. I, at *Philippi.*

Brut. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then--
[Ring down

Now I have taken heart, thou Vanishest,
Ill Spirit, I wou'd hold more talk with thee.

Boy,

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 65

Boy, Lucius, Varrus, Claudio, Sirs awake.

Claudio.

Luc. The Strings, my Lord, are false--

Brut. He thinks he still is at his Instrument.

Lucius awake.

Luc. My Lord.

Brut. Didst thou dream Lucius, that thou so
[cryd'st out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brut. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any

Luc. Nothing my Lord. [thing?

Brut. Lucius-- Sirrah, Claudio, fellow.

Thou awake--

Var. My Lord.

Clad. My Lord.

Brut. Why did you so cry out sirs in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Brut. I-- saw you any thing.

Vac. No my Lord, I saw nothing.

Claud. Nor I my Lord.

Brut. Go and Commend me to my brother
[Cassius,

Bid him set on his powers, betimes before,

And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my Lord -- [Exeunt.

Brut. Sure they have raised some Devil to
[their aid,

And think to frighten Brutus with a shade.

But e're the night closes this fatal Day,

I'll send more Ghosts this visit to repay--

[Exit.

66 The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar :

A C T. V.

Enter Anthony, Octavius, and Soldiers.

[A March begin.

Ant. **N**OW Anthony, our hopes are an-
[*swer'd;*
You said the enemy wou'd not come down,
But keep the hills, and upper regions,
It proves not so-- their battles are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Anth. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they cou'd be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery --- thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts, that they have Cou-
But 'tis not so--- [*rage.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, Generals,
The Enemy comes on in Gallant shew;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out;
And something to be done, immediately.

Anth. *Octavius*, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the ev'n field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left

Anth. Why do you cross me in this Exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you -- but I will do so

[March here.

Enter Brutus, Cassius, and Soldiers Caska.

Brut. They stand, and wou'd have parley.

Cass. Stand fast, good *Caska* we must out and talk.

Brut.

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 67

Brut. Words before blows-- Is it so Country-
[men?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brut. Good words are better than bad strokes,
[*Octavius.*

Anth. In your bad strokes, *Brutus*, you give
[Good Words,

Witness the hole you made in *Casars* heart ;
Crying, long live, hail *Cesar*.

Cass. Anthony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Anth. Not Stingless too.

Brut. O yes, and soundless too.
For you have stolen their buzzing *Anthony*,
And very wisely threat before they Sting.

Anth. Villains you did not so, when your vile
[Daggers

Hack't one another in the sides of *Cesar*,
You shew'd your Teeth like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Casars* feet;
Whilst damned *Caska*, like a cur behind
Struck *Cesar* on the neck - - O you flatterers

Cass. Flatterers ! now *Brutus*, thank your self,
This Tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the Cause --- if arguing
[makes us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When think you that this Sword goes up agen ?
Never 'till *Casars* three and thirty wounds
Be all aveng'd : or 'till another *Cesar*
Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traytors

Brut.

68 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.*

Brut. *Caesar*, thou canst not die by Traytors
[hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope.

I was not born to die on *Brutus* Sword.

Brut. Oh if thou wer't the noblest of the strain,
Young Man, thou could'st not die more Honour-
[able.

Cass. A peevish School-boy, worthless of such
Joyned with a Maker, and a Reveller. [Honour,

Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Oct. Come, *Anthony* away:

Defience Traytor, hurl we in your teeth,
If you dare fight to day, come to the field,
If not, when you have Stomachs ----- [Exeunt.

Cass. Why now, blow wind, swell billow,
And Swim bark,
The Storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brut. Ho, *Lucilius*—

[*Lucilius* and *Messala* stand forth.

Hark a word with you.

Luc. My Lord.

Mess. *Messala*.

Mess. What says my General?

Cass. *Messala*, This is my birth-day: as this
[very day

Was *Cassius* born -- Give me thy hand, *Messala*.

Be thou my witness, that against my will

(As *Pompey* was) am I compelled to set

Upon one battle all our Liberties

You know that I held *Epicurus* strong,

And his opinion --- now I change my mind,

And partly Credit things that do preface.

Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremost Ensign

Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,

Who

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 69

Who to *Philippi*, here Consorted us :
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And, in their steads, do Ravens, Crows, and
[Kites

Fly o're our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey -- their shadows seem
A Canopy most fatal, under which.
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Mess. Believe not so--

Cass. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of Spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very Constantly --

Brut. Ev'n so *Lucilius*.

Cass. Now most noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age.
But since the affairs of Men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall:
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do.

Brut. Ev'n by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the Death,
Which he did give himself, I know not how :
But I do find it Cowardly and Vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of Life, arming my self with Patience,
To stay the Providence of some high Powers,
That Govern us below :

Cass. Then if we lose this Battle.
You are Contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the streets of *Rome* ---

Brut. No, *Cassius*, no.
Think not, thou noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*.
He bears too great a mind : But this same day
Must

70 *With the Death of Brutus and Cassius.*

Must end that work, the Ideas of March begun.
And whether we shall meet agen. I know not.
Therefore our Everlasting farewell take,
For ever, and forever, farewell, *Cassius*,
If we do meet agen, why, we shall smile,
If not, why then, this parting was well made--

Cass. For ever, and forever, farewell *Brutus*,
If we do meet agen, we'll smile indeed.
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Brut. Why then lead on--- Oh, that a Man
[might know
The end of this Days business e're it Come.
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known--Come ho away
[*An Alarm. Exeunt.*

Re-enter Brutus, and Messala.

Brut. Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride, and give
Unto the Legions on the other side---[These Bills
Let them set on at once -- for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavius's* wing--
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, Ride, *Messala*, let them all come down.
[*Alarm Exit.*

Enter Cassius, and Caska.

Cass. O look *Caska*, look, the Villains fly,
My self have to mine own turn'd Enemy.
This Ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Cask. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word two
[early,
Who having some advantage on *Octavius*
Took it too eagerly, his Soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by *Anthony* are all enclos'd.

Enter

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 71

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my Lord, fly further off,
Mark Anthony is in your tents, my Lord.
Fly therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cass. This hill is far enough -- Look, look,
[*Caska*,
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Caska. They are my Lord.

Cass. If thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy Spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder hill --
And here agen, that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond Troops are friend or enemy

Caska. I will be here agen ev'n with a thought
[*Exit.*

Cass. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thick : regard *Caska*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
This day I breathed first, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My Life is run his Compass -- Sirrah, what news:

Pin. O my Lord!

Cass. What news I

Pin. *Caska* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spur.
Yet he Spurs on --- now they are almost on him.
Now some Light --- O, he lights too.
He's ta'n [Shout here.
And hark, they shout for Joy.

Cass. Come down, behold no more.
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'n before my face.
Come hither sirrah : In *Parthia*, did I take thee
[Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy Life,
that whatsoever I did bid thee do, Thou

Thou shoud'st attempt it. Come now keep thine

[Oath,
Now be a freeman, and with this Good Sword,
That ran thro' *Cæsar's* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer -- here, take thou the hilts,
And when my face is cover'd as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword --- *Cæsar* thou art re-

[venged,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pin. So I am free, [falls on the Sword.
Yet wou'd not so have been,
Durst I have done my will -- O *Cassius*,
Far from this Country *Pindarus* shall go,
Where never *Roman* shall behold him more.

[Exit.

Enter Caska and Messala.

Mess. It is but change Good *Caska*, for *Octa-*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus* power, [vins
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Anthony*.

Cass. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mess. Where did you leave him?

Cask. All disconsolate
With *Pindarus* his bondman on this hill.

Mess. Is not that he that lies upon the Ground?

Cask. He lies not like the living -- Oh my

Messi. Is not that he? [heart!

Cask. No, this was he, *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more -- Oh setting Sun!
As in thy red Rays thou durst sink to night,
So in his red Blood, *Cassius* day is set.
The Sun of *Rome* is set --- our day is gone,
Clouds, dews, and dangers come, our deeds are

[done.
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed [deed.

Mess. Mistrust of good success hath done this

Oh

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 73

hateful Error! Melancholys Child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of Men
things that are not? Oh Error soon Con-
[ceiv'd!

you never com'st unto a happy Birth,
that kill'st the Mother, that engender'd thee.

Caska. What *Pindarus*! Where art thou *Pinda-*

Mess. Seek him, Good *Caska*, whilst I go to
[meet

the noble *Brutus* thrusting this report
into his Ear -- I may say, thrusting it.

Thy piercing Steel, and darts in venom dipt

shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,

thy tidings of this fight --- [Exit.

Caska. Haste good *Messala* --

And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while --

Why didst thou send me forth brave *Cassius*?

And I not meet thy friends, and did not they

set on my brow, this wreath of Victory,

and bid me give it thee -- didst thou not hear.

their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd ev'ry thing.

Hold thee, take this Garland on thy brow,

Why *Brutus* bid me give it thee and I

will do his bidding -- *Brutus* come apace,

and see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*!

your leave Gods, this is a *Roman's* part,

to take *Cassius* Sword, and find out *Caska's* Heart.

[Aloud Alarms. Kills himself.

Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Dardanius*, *Popilius*, and

Lucilius,

Brut. Where, where *Messala*, doth the Body Lie?

Mess. Lo, yonder, and brave *Caska* mourning it.

Brut. His face is upwards.

H

Luc.

74 *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.*

Luc. Alas he's slain. [*A low alarm here.*

Brut. Are yet two *Romans*, living such as
The last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well! [*these?*

It is impossible that ever *Rome*,
Shou'd breed thy like -- friends, I owe more
To this dead Man, than you shall see me pay. [*tears*
I shall find time *Cassius*, I shall find time!

Come therefore, and to *Tarsus* send his body,
His Funeral shall not be in our Camp,

— Lest it discomfort us --- Leave us a while. [*Exit.*

O *Julius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet,
And turn'st our Swords into our proper Entrails.

Enter Cæsars Ghost --

Ghost. *Cassius*, my three and thirty wounds are
[now reveng'd.

Brut. What art thou, why com'st thou.

Ghost. To keep my word, and meet thee in
[*Philippi* fields.

Brut. Well, I see thee then.

Ghost. Next, ungrateful *Brutus*, do I call.

Brut. Ungrateful *Cæsar*, that wou'd *Rome* En-
[thral

Ghost. The Ides of *March* Remember--I must go,
To meet thee on the burning Lake below [*Sinks.*

Brut. My Spirits come to me--Stay thou bloody
Apparition, come back, I wou'd converse
Longer with thee-- 'tis gone, this fatal shadow
Haunts me still.

Brut. Come, let's to the field ---- *Flavius*,
[set our

Battles on --- and *Romans*, yet e're night,
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

Take off Cassius.

[*Alarm here. Exeunt.*

Enter

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 75

*Enter Anthony, meeting Soldiers, and Messala.
Prisoner.*

Sold. Here comes the General.

Brutus is ta'ne, *Brutus* is ta'ne my Lord.

Anth. Where is he.

Mess. Safe *Anthony* -- *Brutus* is safe enough ---
I dare assure thee that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*.
The Gods defend him from so great a shame.
When you do find him or alive or dead
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Anth. This is not *Brutus*, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth - keep this Man safe,
Give him all kindness - - I had rather have
Such Men my friends, than Enemies - - go on,
And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead.
And bring us word unto *Octavius's* tent
How every thing is Chanc'd. [Exeunt.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Lucilius, and Popilius.

Brut. Come, poor remains of friends, let us
[rest here.

Luc. *Statilius* shew'd the torch light, but my
He came not back -- he is or ta'ne, or slain [Lord

Brut. Come hither *Lucilius*, slaying is the
[Word,

It is a deed in fashion --- hark thee *Lucilius*.

Luc. What I, my Lord, no not for all the

Brut. Peace then, no Words. [World.

Luc. I'll rather kill my self.

Brut. Hark thee, *Dardanius*.

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Luc. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee.

Dar. To kill him, *Lucilius* -- look he meditates.

Brut. Come hither, Good *Popilius*, list a word.

Pop.

76 The Tragedy of Julius Caesar :

Pop. What says my Lord.

Brut. Why this, *Popilius*.

The Ghost of *Caesar* has appear'd to me
Two several times by night-- at *Sardis* once,
And this same night here in *Philippi* fields
I know my hour is come.

Pop. Not so, my Lord.

Brut. Nay, I am sure it is *Popilius*.

Thou see'st the World *Popilius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit,
It is more worthy to leap in our selves,
Then tarry till they push us -- Good *Popilius*
Thou know'st that we two went to School together
Ev'n for that our Love of old, I prithee
Hold thou my Sword, while I run on it.

Pop. That's not an office for a friend my Lord
[Alarm]

Luc. Fly my Lord.

Brut. Why do you stay to save his Life
That must not live.

Luc. After you, what *Roman* wou'd Live ?

Brut. What *Roman* wou'd not live, that may
To serve his Country in a nobler day--
You are not above a pardon, tho' *Brutus* is.

Luc. I'm not afraid to die.

Brut. Retire, and let me think a while.
Now one last look, and then farewell to all.
That wou'd with the unhappy *Brutus* fall.
Scorning to view his Country's Misery,
Thus *Brutus* always strikes for Liberty.

[Stabs himself]
Poor slavish *Rome* farewell, *Caesar* now be still.
I kill'd not thee with half so Good a will.

[Dies]

Enter

With the Death of Brutus and Cassius. 77

Enter Anthony, Octavius, Messala, and Soldiers.

Anth. Whom mourn you over?

Luc. 'Tis Brutus.

Mess. So Brutus shou'd be found-- I thank
Thee Brutus, that thou hast prov'd
Messala's saying true.

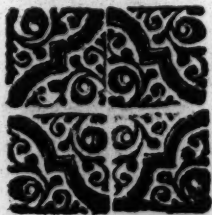
Anth. This was the noblest Roman of 'em
[all,

All the Conspirators, save only he
Did that they did in envy of great *Cesar*,
He only in a Generous honest thought,
And Common Good to all, made one of 'em.
His Life was gentle; and the Elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the World, this was a Man.

Oct. According to his vertue let us use him
With all respects and rites of burial.
Within my tent to night his Bones shall lie,
Most like a Soldier order'd honourably.

*So call the Field to Rest, and let's away
To part the Glories of this happy day.*

FINIS.



With the Death of Brutus and Cassius 77

Anthony, Octavius, and Lepidus
Whom mean you over?
I think I should have found you out
I think I should have found you out
I think I should have found you out
I think I should have found you out
I think I should have found you out
I think I should have found you out
I think I should have found you out

the Confessors, have only
that they did in envy of great
only in a generous heart though
Cassius stood to all made use of
I was gentle, and the Liberator
rise in him, that nature might stand up
I say to all the World, this was a Man
Of, according to his virtues let the him
I will judge and thus of Julius
I think my self to night I have found
I like a soldier or a man of war
To say the truth to Brutus and Cassius
To say the truth to Brutus and Cassius

FINIS

